

PREPARE FOR WINTER!

Special attractions for Housekeepers this week.

BLANKETS AND BED COMFORTS.

We have the biggest pile of Blankets and Comforts ever unloaded in Sedalia and offer them this week at prices to defy competition.

Messery & Meuschke's CLOAK DEPARTMENT.

Is an especial attraction for the ladies. Every care has been taken by our buyer in the selection of the garments, and everyone of them guaranteed as represented, and that our prices are positively the lowest we need not repeat, but cordially invite you to call and inspect our mammoth stock and be convinced that we have the

Correct Styles and Correct Prices. WOOLEN HOSIERY

For Ladies, Misses and Children.

Ladies:—Remember that we have the only complete Line of Underwear in the city. A Saleslady has charge of this department.

NEW STORE—310 OHIO STREET.

MESSERLY & MEUSCHKE**WEEKLY BAZOO.**

SEDALIA, Mo.,

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1883.

Weather Report.

Corrected daily for the BAZOO by C. G. Taylor, Horologist and Optician, No. 8 Ohio street, for the twenty-four hours ending at 9 o'clock p. m., Sept. 29, 1883.

TIME.	TEMP.	BAR.	WIND.	WEATHER.
7 a.m.	70	29.30	W	Cloudy.
8	82	29.22	SW	Clear.
9 p.m.	72	29.29	SW	"

Extremes 65° 82°.

PENCILINGS.—Wanted—a boy at the BAZOO office.
—Patrick McCoral is having a 24-inch drain pipe laid near the corning of his property on Third and Engineer streets, which is a valuable improvement.

—The friends and members of the Temperance union are invited to be present at the regular meeting Tuesday at 3 o'clock, October 1st, in the rear of the Christian church.

—Hugh Flemming, of the D. H. Smith hardware company, is rejoicing in the possession of a fresh, new and clean-faced girl baby at his house. May its days be many. The BAZOO will expect to see its grandparents on dress parade to-day in honor of the event.

Don Jose De Peltier.

Last night the adamantine gum drops, the telescopic goggles, the wonderful hair splitting razors, the immaculate chromos by old masters, (older than the patriarch of the Bible e'er dared to be,) and the other numerous articles of virtue, art and merchandise on Mr. Joseph Peltier's stand, at Blair Brothers' corner, were packed away in boxes, while their owner was away laying himself on the altar of matrimony. There are few old or new residents of Sedalia who do not know Joe. He is a good citizen and his only failing is his irresistible propensity for flights of imagination. He is the friend of the newspaper man and the sworn enemy of whisky straight, two virtues of great price. For the past forty-three years, Joe has gallantly resisted the wiles of the sex so fair, in face and form, so unfair in everything else, and has borne the heavy burthens of celibacy with the fortitude of St. Anthony. But last night he succumbed to the arrows of Cupid. He was united in marriage to Mrs. E. Farr, at the residence of Mr. Anderson, who resides nine miles south of Sedalia. Doc Middleton, another hard-hearted man was there to give Joe away. The BAZOO hopes that Joe, and his bride, who is a very respectable woman, may outlive Methuselah and be as happy as clams at high tide.

Chicken Grabbers.

Early yesterday morning Officer McGee observed that three men were hanging around the front of Rector & McCubbin's grocery store, on West Main street, in a very suspicious manner. The trio seemed bent upon making a raid on a hen-coop filled with tender chickens, which stood in front of the store. Finally the gang, thinking that they were free from observation, began to pull the pullets and "collar" the cockadoodledoes. McGee made a good break for them and succeeded in gathering in Cliff Moore, whom he landed in the calaboose. John Cheek and John Parker, the other two men who are believed to have been participants criminals, made Jay-Eye-See time and escaped. Yesterday a warrant was sworn out against the three parties above mentioned, charging them with petty larceny. The poor chickens stood upon their hind legs and howled so piteously that the whole neighborhood was drowned in tears.

Thrown From a Buggy.

Yesterday afternoon Jessie Smith, daughter of Mr. D. H. Smith, and her young brothers George, and Clay Smith and her cousin, Miss Minnie Potter, went out to the forest on Flat creek on a nutting expedition. They drove out in a comfortable buggy, and after a pleasant day were returning on the road between the water works and the city when they met a cow with a large board tied in front of her horns. The cow seemed inclined to take up the entire highway and so frightened the horse that the animal gave a spring and a sudden turn, which completely upset the buggy and threw all the occupants out in a mass. The horse ran a short distance and succeeded in completely wrecking the top of the buggy. Miss Jessie received a severe sprain of the ankle and Miss Minnie Potter was bruised on the arm. The boys escaped with slight bruises. Fortunately none of the party were caught under the buggy, or they would not have escaped so easily.

JOHN B. DORIS' GREAT INTER-OCEAN CIRCUS.

BY JOHN PATTERSON.

The following, while not strictly poetical, is worthy of publication as a cleverly arranged rhyme in acrostic:

Great is our show, and grand our procession, Rivalled by none in this age of progression; Esteemed by all in high and low station, Approved by the press, 'tis the voice of the nation.

To uphold all that is good in this generation, Inter Ocean our trade mark has been a success.

Nothing like it on earth, so the people come, Tabernacle of wonders for the world to behold.

Embracing attractions worth their weight in gold, Riders surpassing the Romans of old.

On ocean and land we have agents exploring, Curiosities rare they are constantly storing.

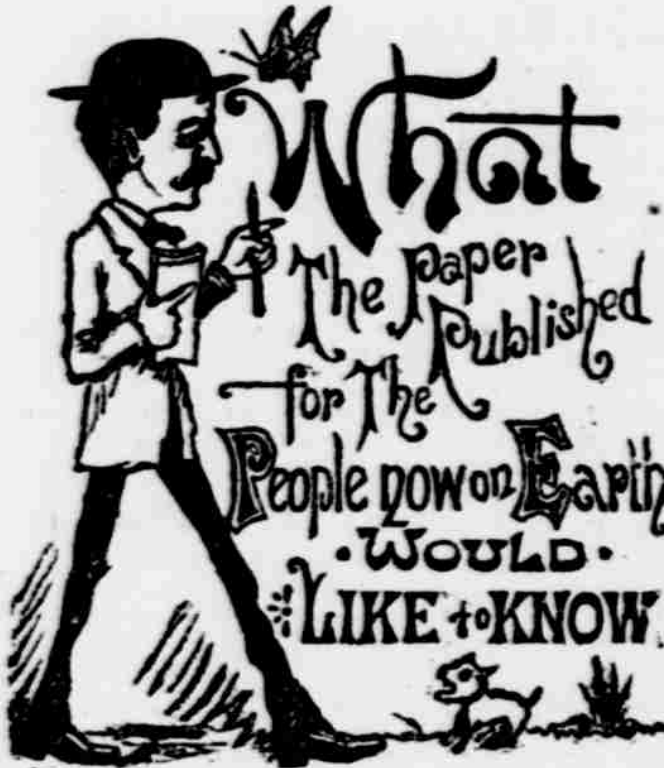
Experience has taught them the wants of mankind, And their reward is so great they still are inclined.

Novelty after novelty they still strive to find, Circus we have one that defies competition.

Integrity is the passport of our great exhibition, Regardless of expense is this organization.

Colossal in magnitude, and beyond imitation, Unchangeable is the name of John B. Doris.

Slandereers beware, right must be victorious.



—If "Camille" expects Babe Mills to be in St. Louis this week?

—What Miss Mary thinks of the new house J. G. is building?

—If Rhea and Bud Hastain have reached the classic banks of the Osage?

—Whether Officer McGhee "caught on" when the rooster grabbed did so?

—When the double wedding of Barney Fagin and Rox Leidy will take place?

—When Ed. Villmore will return that ring to Hattie, and why did he take it?

—Who "Goshen" is, and why the young ladies on Flat creek are mashed on him?

—What Milt thought when the young girl threw the fan at him while coming from the ball?

—If the author of a certain "diary" will not in the years to come enjoy seeing his children reading the publication?

—If Charlie Hessler indulged in a few "cuss words" yesterday morning when he found he was on the wrong train?

—If there is any other profession in the city with a better development of muscle and true grit than the medical profession?

—If Henry Knopfli labored under the impression that he had been shot at when the torpedo exploded on Ohio street Friday afternoon?

—If the two young and muscular disciples of Esculapius did not perform a most interesting surgical operation on each other yesterday?

—If the young man who piles on \$125 worth of duds on a monthly salary of \$50 will not find it a cold day about the first of January?

—What Sterling Baker's Pleasant Hill girl would say if she knew he spent last Sunday evening in company with a Knobnoster biscuit shooter?

—If it does not make a young husband feel as tall as Goliath to have his friends come up to him and say, "Well, old fellow, I see that you are a daddy?"

—If it will not raise merry hell out in East Sedalia when a well known Third street groceryman offers for sale to the highest bidder the accounts of a number of delinquent customers?

—Church-yard coughs can be cured by Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar.

—Pike's Toothache Drops cure in one minute.

Tell Your Neighbors! Tell Your Neighbors!

That our Closing Out Sale still goes on.

Sweeping Reductions and Terrific Cuts on all Lines of Goods.

Remember our stock must be reduced before removing to our new building.

The Grand Central!

50 pieces of Gingham at 5c a yard.

50 pieces of Calicos at 3 1/2c a yard

Still remain on our counters.

DRESS GOODS, DRESS GOODS

Figured Alpaca at 8c a yard.

Plain Alpaca at 10c a yard.

American Cashmeres at 15c a yard.

Double width Cashmeres at 20c a yard.

India Cashmeres at 25c a yard.

Dress Flannels at 22 1/2c a yard.

Cashmere Plaids at 18c and 20c a yard.

India Plaids at 25c to 35c a yard.

Don't forget, these prices are made low purposely to reduce stock. No other can meet them.

CLOAKS AND DOLMANS.

We invite you to give this line of goods a thorough inspection. You can save 25 to 50 per cent.

Walking Jackets \$3.50, worth \$5.50.

Ladies' Cloaks \$5.00, worth \$6.50.

Ladies' Dolmans \$2.00, worth \$3.50.

Ladies' Circulars as low as \$2.00.

Our Garments at \$10.00, \$15.00 and \$20.00 are equally as low.

Bed Comforts and Blankets will have to go with the balance of stock at big reductions.

Remember our Famous Shoe Department.

RED STORE, 207 OHIO ST.**HE WAS WITH HATTIE**

The Second Chapter in the Diary of the M. K. & T. Employee.

He Gives Himself away, but it is Rich Reading all the Same.

The next entry in the "diary" of the young society man, the beginning of which was published in last Sunday's issue of this paper, is shameful in the extreme, and if published verbatim would be an expose of most sensational calibre. In modified language, it reads as follows:

Jan. 18th and 19th, 1879.—Sunday—Left the office at 5 o'clock p. m. Went to the Garrison house, saw Miss Sallie De L. there, took tea and went to Kansas City to see H. Got there at 10:15; saw H. Creveling, took a drink with him, went to—met H. and went to bed. Was in bed till 10 o'clock a. m., then went down town and ate breakfast. Got shaved, and then went back to the house till 5:30 p. m., when I came home. H. looked so pretty to-day, that I quite fell in love with her as she walked to the depot with me. Got to Sedalia at 11 p. m., and slept at the Garrison house.

Short but sweet.
Jan. 20th, 1879.—Came to my room, wrote this and to Hattie and then went to bed.

The happy and light-hearted youth attends a "surprise party."

Jan. 23, 79.—Did not go to the office this eve. We were to have a surprise party at Mrs. S's. She was invited out to spend the evening, and I went after Misses C. T. and L. B., and then went over for her. The surprise was complete. Had a jolly good time, and laughed and danced and talked until I was sick.

He is all broke up because he wasn't "saved."

Jan. 24, 79.—Worked hard till 10 p. m., then went down to a dance by "No Name Club," for Miss Ella E. Danced with S. P. L. and L. B., and got home at 12:10. Sorry I went as I was not properly dressed or shaved, and felt awkward.

Sees his father and mother and goes to a dance.

Jan. 31, 79.—Took L. L. to a dance at Mrs. C's. Penfield went with A. R., John Sneed with S. P., Deputy with H. M. Only had a fair time, rather slow. Went to the depot at 10 o'clock. Father and mother stopped over night with me on their way to their new home at F.

Didn't like "Janauaschek"

Feb. 1, 79.—Took L. L. to hear Janauaschek. Not very enjoyable.

"Humpty Dumpty" catches the man who didn't like "Janauaschek," and he laughs himself sick. Goes to Kansas City once more.

Feb. 10, 79.—Took L. L. to see "Humpty Dumpty." We nearly laughed ourselves sick. On Saturday eve, went again to Kansas City to see H. Arrived there at 10 p. m., and remained all day Sunday and Monday, so sick to come back on Sunday night, so didn't get back until Monday night. Oh, I had such a nice time, but I feel as if H. would ruin me body and soul, did I remain long with her, for she has a terrible fascination for me, and makes me forget all but her, even the knowledge of right. For mother's sake as well as my own, I must give her up entirely, though she loves me so well.

He writes to "Nellie."

Feb. 11th, 79.—Have quit night work, so I spent the whole evening in my room writing to mother and Nellie.

This time the "great letter writer" writes to "Hattie" and reads McCauley.

Feb. 12th, 79.—In my own room reading and writing to mother and Hattie and reading Hattie's letters and McCauley's history of England.

Makes a "call" and finds somebody that can "talk back."

February 17, 1879.—At L. L.'s this evening. She and I called on Mrs. J. Had a very pleasant time, as L. is a good entertainer—talks and gives a good chance to talk back.

His poor head aches, but he doesn't send for "Nellie" or "Hattie."

He makes another call, but thinks some body else more interesting.

February 19th, 1879.—Called on Miss D. E. this evening; staid about an hour and a half; had a pleasant call, but she can't talk as well as L. L. and is not as bright and entertaining.

This very susceptible masculine gets a photograph and gets very nervous.

February 27th, 1879.—Got Ida J.'s photograph to-day and I feel so funny since; was so nervous when I got it I

shook all over. Wonder if I am not still in love with that girl? Certainly in looking at her picture I have a peculiar sensation as if I ought to have her and would love so dearly to hug her to my bosom, and kiss her and call her mine. Her letters, if they tell the truth, says she loves me now, and always has done so. I think a great deal of Miss L., and for the sole reason that she reminds me of Ida.

The "photograph" g-t away with him.

February 28, 1879.—Another evening alone in my room. Commenced a letter to Ida, of whom I have been thinking all day, and at whose photograph I have looked a hundred times if once.

For genuine depths of depravity, portions of the next entry of this remarkable diary takes the prize medal, and is unfitted for publication. The rest reads thus:

March 1, 1879.—Went down town before supper to get shaved; was in my room by 7:30 p. m., and remained there writing a long letter to Ida. Her picture seems to have a complete fascination for me, and I really love her now. Will it continue, and would it do so under different circumstances? Could I only break off my detestable habits, I'd be a different man.

I love all women when I refrain from them, and love none when I give way to them.

He quotes Byron and goes to church.
March 11th, 79.—Went to Baptist church to hear Rev. F. preach, liked him very much. I went alone and saw L. and the A. girls, only bowed across the church; would have walked home with them only I heard L. say she never wanted to walk home with anybody from anywhere unless she had gone with them. I walked to the corner right behind them, but did not even speak. Perhaps I did it to follow the advice of Byron in 34th verse of the 2d canto of "Childe Harold," but if so, I "cut off" my nose to spite my face" and came home mad with myself for throwing away the chance for a pleasant evening. I like L. ever so much and think she likes me, if I know anything of women.

Goes to an "April Fool" party.

April 1st, 79.—Took Misses C. T. and L. B. to an "April Fool" party at Col. D's. Would have had a good time had it not been for the headache. Danced with Mrs. S. L. H. and Mrs. F. A. H. Heard Professorian play the violin. Had a terrible headache and did not sleep all night.

He reads "Don Juan."

April 24, 79.—Went to the office, but had to come home. Spent all day and night in my bed, sleeping and reading "Don Juan."

There are many other delectable entries, but this will suffice for the present at least.

DOGS AS TRAVELERS.

The Lovely Treatment They Receive.

Yesterday evening two couples of English hounds arrived by express at the Garrison house. They were consigned to Mr. A. A. Walker, of Pleasant Green, the well known stock man, and one of the wealthiest land owners in Central Missouri. From the fact that the animals were sent by express, it is reasonable to suppose that they are of more value than the ordinary "yaller dog." In spite of this fact they did not receive much better treatment than is usually accorded to the common "low down cur." When they arrived at the depot, one of the hounds had a broken leg which was much swollen and irritated.

As a young employee of the express company started to lead this couple out of the door of the car, as if they were a bundle of old scrap iron, the man on the car exclaimed, "Lookout, one of those dogs has a broken leg." Before the warning was heeded, the two dogs were jerked to the platform, all in a heap, and the one with the broken leg was completely paralyzed by the pain of falling on its broken and inflamed limb. The dog lay quivering on the platform for several minutes with a look of almost human agony and appeal for sympathy on its expressive countenance, and then got up and limped off. As a matter of business policy, animals shipped on cars should be treated with more than ordinary care, and as almost every car contains some animal, common humanity demands that they should not be banged around as if they were Saratoga trunks.

Why They Call Him "Old Man."

"Yes, that's sadly so," said Jenkins, "my hair is turning gray and falling out before its time. Use something? I would, but most hair restorers are dangerous." "True," answered his friend, "but Parker's Hair Balm is harmless as it is effective. I've tried it, and know. Give the Balm a show and the boys will soon stop calling you 'Old Man Jenkins.'" It never fails to restore the original color to gray or faded hair. Richly perfumed, an elegant dressing.

CAN THIS BE TRUE?

Has Frank James a Written Promise From Governor Crittenden

That He Will be Pardoned in Case He is Convicted of Any Crime?

The Meeting of Gen. Shelby, Jno. T. Crisp and Others at Independence.

Special Correspondence Sunday Morning BAZOO.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Sept. 28.

The intelligent compositor and the less intelligent proof reader made me say in my letter of last Sunday that I had met a prominent republican and pumped him on the treasuryship question, especially as to Gates' candidacy. What, in the name of Dorsey, has a republican to do or say in electing state officials in grand "old Missouri?" I wrote it "politician," and I want the BAZOO to take the laugh off me. "Nuff sed."

THEY STRIKE BACK.

When Dick Liddell's confession was published here a breeze raised in the cyclone. There were men published as having harbored the gang whom people credited with a degree of respectability and all the elements of good citizenship which would never allow them to so tarnish their good reputation and be foul the character. But if that confession be true, and it looks very much as if it is, then certain hitherto prominent and conspicuous men will most certainly be condemned and despised by all good men. By his own statement General Joe Shelby is one of these men; Dick Liddell says Col. John T. Crisp, late candidate for congress in this district, is another.

Now, what say these men? There is something in the wind, and muttered threats against Gov. Crittenden and other prominent officials are heard by the attentive ear. Col. Crisp is a sealed book to reporters. He vows he will never give to the press, only as he does it by his own good right hand, his side of the story. But there was a meeting between these gentlemen, and some of their admirers, in a hotel in Independence, one day last week, and as I was in that city the same day, and saw the gathering, I obtained, no matter how, a pointer or two as to what was going on.

It was learned, and the information came pretty straight, that Shelby and Crisp, and because of the alleged exposure in that confession, though they declare it to be a lie, have determined to expose Gov. Crittenden, by making a public statement, that Frank James has the

GOVERNOR'S WRITTEN PROMISE

of a pardon, in his pocket, in case of any conviction. Not only this, but that there is another man who has the same sort of a pledge to which T. T. Crittenden affixed his name.

This is certainly a grave charge, but then—who believes it? Who does not recall the dirty lies of Charley Ford as to what he and Bob were promised by the governor, even before he ever saw them?

Col. Crisp hates Gov. Crittenden with an intensity perfectly burdensome, and would not stop to consult the moral law in order to get a lick at him. Why? Well, Crittenden honored a requisition from the governor of Texas once, when the obese Jumbo of the Kaw jungles was wanted down there for a murder. Crisp, one hot Sunday afternoon, eloquently declared to me that that arrest and trial was a deep laid plot on the part of his enemies to kill him off as a candidate for congress, "as it was their only hope to defeat me." Was it?

Just when this expose of Governor Crittenden is to startle the country and swing him forth on the gibbet of infamy, could not be learned. But of one thing you may be certain, Crisp, shrewd and devilish, nettled with positive uneasiness, and with hate rankling in his expansive bosom, will never rest until he can stab Crittenden. There is this to be said as a sort of palliative or ointment in advance: Not one man in a thousand, in this country respects Crisp in the least, nor would believe any statement he might make. The best men this way believe Dick Liddell told the truth about Crisp's hospitality to the James gang. What Shelby may say I do not believe will have any weight only with that certain few who still "damn the Yankees."

THE POLITICAL POT

is on the fire out here, and the caloric under it slowly increases. The Times whippers about Jackson county's rights and privileges, and sickly intimates that in the next convention a very large plum must be given her. But as Dr. Mumford is in Europe, or New Jersey, I have forgotten which, it is not known by his minions whether he wants to be governor shadow plenipotentiary over all the judges in the state, including the supreme court commission.

There is, however, one man in this city who will be pushed forward by his friends, either for a seat on the supreme bench, or the attorney generalship. That man is Hon. John C. Gage, a man of splendid talents, broad culture, and a profound and brilliant lawyer. A recognition of these gifts and graces found expression at Sweet Springs this summer, when he was elected president of the State Bar association. But we are all for Phelps and "Dick" Gentry, against the field.

IN A THEATRICAL WAY,

Kansas City seems to have lost her grip. The new Gillis opera house hasn't proven the dazzling success prophesied of it, and such artists as McCullough and Rhea had to draw on their reserve fund in order to get out of town. A St. Joe chap runs the Gillis, and his ideal of a good theatrical company does not go beyond that of barnstormers and fly-by-nights. But then, to be plain, there is very little of that culture in this city, which gives hearty welcome and applause to the truly artistic. Money, money, money, fills the soul and eye of these people.

Considerable comment was heard as to the effect of King's withdrawal from the St. Joe Gazette. Those who said that Major Edwards would alter his tone in the edi-

FOSTER'S**NEW PATENT GLOVES**

ENTIRELY NEW.

The only Glove that we can Warrant.

EVERY COLOR AND ALL SIZES

The BEST Stock ever brought to Sedalia.

Silk Russian Circulars

PLUSH JACKETS,

Jersey Walking Jackets

And a Full Line of Children's Wraps.

J. M. Clute & Co.

G. J. LESURE,

UNDERTAKER!

Coffins, Caskets, Metallic Cases, and Caskets Burial Suits, Etc. Furniture at wholesale and retail. 315 Ohio street. d.w.l.y.

C. W. SIMMONS.

UNDERTAKER!

Coffins, caskets and burial robes. Furniture made and repaired. Ohio and Sixth street opposite Congregational Church.

torial page, seemed to have struck the right lead. The Gazette can easily be the leading democratic paper in the Missouri valley, if it will so to become. The field is open. It should be cultivated.

SCOTT.

SHOT IN THE LEG.

Billy Taylor, While Monkeying With a Friend, Receives a Thirty-Two Caliber Bullet in His Anatomy.

On Friday night it was rumored that a man had been dangerously shot on Ohio street. Immediately a reporter began to look the matter up but it seemed to be shrouded in such mystery that no definite facts could be ascertained. At last it was concluded that the report originated from the fact that a railroad topguy was thrown into Ohio street and exploded by a wagon wheel running over it. The report was still current yesterday morning and a BAZOO reporter determined to run it down. The young man who was reported to have been shot was watched for, Billy Taylor formerly an express man but more recently in the saloon business. It was observed that as the young man walked around he limped a little and made use of a cane. The reporter finally approached him and asked him how his game leg was. He responded with the inquiry, "what game leg?" and seemed inclined to lead the reporter to believe that he had no wound.

After a little friendly talk he said that he and a couple of friends were out together on Friday evening, having a pleasant stroll. One of the party had a pistol and took it out of his pocket and began fooling with it. He had not monkeyed with it very long until it did what every well made and right minded pistol does on such occasions, to wit, went off and sent a thirty two caliber bullet into the knee and the thigh. The wound is not dangerous but painful, and if it had gone a little higher, the young man's relatives might have been wearing crape. Taylor said the shot was purely accidental, and he positively refused to give the name of the friend who caused the wound. Taylor seemed disinclined to say anything further about it, as he claimed that it was only an accident. There were a number of rumors about it last night, and they are given simply for what they are worth. One story is, that Taylor and his friend had a quarrel about a young girl to whom both of them had been paying attention, and that his companion shot him on purpose. If it was purely accidental, there is not the least reason why there should be any mystery.

Going to the Penitentiary.

Sheriff McLeod, of Marion county, passed through the city yesterday morning with the following prisoners for the penitentiary:

Albert Buchanan, committed for burglary, sentenced to three years' imprisonment.

Charles Murphy, same crime and same sentence.

Arthur Bryant, a one legged man, robbery, three years.

All three were chained together, thus preventing any possibility of escape, Sheriff McLeod remembering the experience of Sheriff Dudley, who permitted seven prisoners to escape from him here while taking them to the penitentiary.

The Wrong Train.